

ARTICLE APPEARED  
ON PAGE C-17

NEW YORK DAILY NEWS  
9 April 1987



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## Spies are bad, bugs are worse

**I**N 1970, as a guest of Ambassador Jacob Beam at Spaso House in Moscow, I came into the residence for lunch after my morning rounds and my host signaled that he wished to talk with me. He motioned toward the courtyard, quickly (and routinely) explaining that what he wished to tell me was highly confidential and that we were only safe speaking in the great outdoors.

I recounted the episode in a meeting with George Kennan a year or so later, at which the former ambassador told me of a remarkable experience that had required him to stage-set a working session with his secretary at his library at Spaso House for the sole purpose of giving an opportunity to two professional CIA "sweepers" to attempt to triangulate in on the microphone they had every reason to suppose was hidden in the room. The sweepers located the bug in the beak of the bald eagle on the American seal. The KGB was so angry at being ambushed that there ensued in quick succession events that caused George Kennan to be kicked out of the Soviet Union.

Meanwhile, Secretary of State Shultz is pondering where exactly he can meet with his delegation to discuss Soviet proposals secure against eavesdropping. The so-called "bubble," the legendary enclave within every embassy that is bug-proof, is no longer bug-proof, and our technicians can't guarantee that they can remove the bugs Sgt. Lonelyhearts invited the KGB in to install, as a gesture of gratitude for the use of a Soviet maiden.

There is talk of Secretary Shultz bringing in his own trailer—you know, the kind of thing CBS brings to the corner of the block when doing a broadcast from your house. Or perhaps we could station a helicopter in the courtyard of Spaso House and Secretary Shultz and his aides could fly up a thousand feet or so to have their discussions? Another possibility would be for the whole U.S. diplomat-

ic set to take an intensive course in sign language. They could then simply twiddle their fingers to discuss such questions as whether we are satisfied with the verification procedures by which we can be certain that the Soviet Union won't cheat and hide a few intermediate-range missiles—after all, where would they hide them? Some joker, using sign language, might suggest that the KGB could hide a few missiles between the floors of the new U.S. Embassy in Moscow. They could be made to look like large steel beams.

It is said that the reason we do not make a greater fuss over what's going on is that we, too, engage in inventive means of eavesdropping. But the point here is, of course, that this is not the kind of thing we can do as well as they can. The construction of the new Soviet Embassy in Washington is—the vital parts of it—being done by Soviet workmen, and the construction of the new U.S. Embassy in Moscow is being done by Soviet workmen. If we are going to pursue the tradition of diplomatic immunity granted to foreign embassies, then that immunity should include immunity from extra-physical trespassing. It is far less dangerous to legitimate U.S. interests to countenance a Soviet intruder illegally penetrating our embassy than to countenance a Soviet bug listening in on the formulation of U.S. foreign policy.

**I**T IS wonderfully piquant that all of this should be going on as we attempt to scale the north slope of Mt. Everest in our desperate inclination to "trust" the Soviet Union by diminishing the stock of materials that the Soviet Union fears: our nuclear inventory. One thing we should get around to, some time before we sign a fresh treaty for the Soviet Union to break, is to order up a few dozen For Rent signs, and hang them around the freshly built but as yet unoccupied Soviet Embassy in Washington.